thy new be blen songter.

No. 1.—Containing 24 New and Fashionable Songs.

MOLLY BAWN. O Molly Bawn why leave me pining, All lonely waiting here for you, While the stars above are brightly

while the stars above are brightly shining.

Because they've nothing else to do.
The flowers late were open keeping.
To try a rival blush with you,
But their mother, Nature, set them
sleeping,
With their rosy faces washed with

dew.

O, Molly Bawn, &c.
The pretty flowers were made to bloom And the pretty stars were made to

shine,
And the pretty garls were made for
the boys, dear,
And may be you are made for mine;
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling
He takes me for a thief, you see,
For he knows I'd steal you, Melly
darling,

And then transported I should be. O, Molly Bawn, &c.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

Music and Foetry by C. Skomon.

No more shall the children of Judah

sing
The lay of a happier time;
Or strike the harp with the golden

string,
'Neath the sun of an Eastern clime;
Or strike the harp with the golde string, 'Neath the sun of an Eastern clime.

This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid Though not in her father's bowers,

race, Who were bern the jav'lin to bear; How fallen is the city whose week now trace, That once was so lovely and fair.

Where once grew sweetest flowers; Land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be

forgot,
While a ruin remains of thy towers,
Land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be

forgot,
While a roin remains of thy towers.
No more shall the children, &c.

ALL'S WELL. Deserted by the waning moon, When skies proclaim night's cheer

when saties proclaim might's cheeriess lost, siever my bark to Brith's say.

On tower, fort, or tented ground, the sentry walks his louely round; And should a footstep haply stray.

When caudion marksthe granded way, if I benies Scotland were my place of birth Pd love her tranquil shore; "Who goes therw's stranger quicklytell" "Here is the word—good night—all's well."

I dream of days to come, all when the bar of the specific properties of the speci

all's well."
Or sailing 'on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deek,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck,
And while his thoughts oft homeward

veer, Some well-known voice salutes his ear

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm owre young to marry yet,
I'm owre young, 'twould be a siu
To take me from my mamma yet;
I am my mammy's ain bairn,
Nor of my hame am weary yet,
And I would have ye learn lads,
That ye for my my than ye yet.

That ye for me must tarry yet.

For I'm owre young, &c.
m owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owe young, I'm owe young,
I'm owe young to marry yet,
I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
To take me from my mammy yet.
For I hae had my ain way,
Noue dare to contradict me yet,
So soon to say I wad obey,
In truth I darena venture yet,
For I'm owre young, &ce

OH BREATHE NOT HIS NAME. Oh, breathe not his name, Let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and unhonoured His relics are laid; Sad, silent, and dark Sad, silent, and dark

Be the tears that we shed

As the night dew that falls

On the grass o'er his head;

But the night dew that falls,

Though in silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure

The grave where he sleeps,
And the tears that we shed,
Though in secret it rolls,
Shall still keep his memory
Green in our souls.

WOODMAN SPARETHATTREE

Woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sholtered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand,
That placed it near
There, woodman, letit,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-hound ties—
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now tow'ring to the skies.

Now tow'ring to the skies.
Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its 'shade I heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild'
Of many a forest bird.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my-hand;
I ask thee, with a tear,
Oh, let that old oak stand,

Oh, let that old oak stand,
My heart-strings round thee cling.
Close at thy bark, old friend—
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree the storm still brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot—
While I've a hand to save,

Thy axe shall harm it not.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME. en other lips and other hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In language whose excess impar The power they feel so well;

The power they ree so wen; So sweetly she sang as in silence she strayed of the ruins of Babylon's towers, No more shall the children, &c. O where are the sons of mine ancient race.

And you'll remember me, And you'll remember me.

When colduess or deceit shall slight
The beauty they now prize,
And deem it but a faded light

LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh! come to the west love; oh come
there with me, That once was so lovely and fair.
The green grass grows on that fertile
spot,
Where once grew sweetest flowers;
When hollow hearts will wear a m
'Twould break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask

That you'll remember me,
That you'll, &c

Oh, I have roam'd in many land.
And many friends I've met.—

And many friends I've met—
Not one fair seene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget;
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam,
Oh, steer my bark to Brin's isle,
For Erin is my home!

Her mountains I'd acore;
Though pleasant days in both I pass
I dream of days to come,
Oh steer my bark to Brin's Isle,
For Erin is my home!
Oh, steer my bark, &c

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

vect, vect, vect, vect, some well-known voice salutes his ear, "What cheer, ho! brothers; quickly tell."

"Abore, below, good night, all's well."

"AD OWR & YOTHG TO MARRY YET.

"The Owre Young, I'm owre young, I'm own young to marry yet,
I'm owry young, twould be a sin
To take me from my mamma yet;
I som the late a roay wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hone that there

As giving it a hope that there
It would not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;

nce when, it grows and smells I swear Not of itself, but thee.

THE PECK O' MAUT. Written by Burns

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to pree;
Three blyther hearts that lee lang night

Three blyther hearts that lee lang night Ye wedna find in Christendie. We are nae fou, we're no that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e; The cook may craw, the day may daw And aye we'll taste the barley bree. Here are we met, three merry boys, Three merry boys it row are we; And mony a night we've merry been, And mony mair we hope to bu, ee. It is the moon, I ken her horn. That a blinking in the lift see hie; She shines sae bright to wile us hame, But by my sooth she'll wat it a wee. But by my sooth she'll wait a wee

But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are uae fou, &c. T
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he;
Wha first beside his chair shall fa'
He is a king amang us three,
We are nae fou, &c.



land,
And a life in the woods for me.

But a chosen band in a mountain land
And a life in the woods for me.
When morning beams o'er the moun-

rose on thy mouth,
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the south.
The north has its snow-towers of

The north has its snow-towers of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft breathing zephyr he plays

in the west;
There come to the west where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

rest here; Hark their hum, how it blends with

may dwell;
Tis too lovely for me, Farewell, oh,
farewell.

HAPPY LAND.

Happy Land, happy land,
Whate'er my fate in life may be,
Still again, still again,
My thoughts will cling to thee.
Land of love and sunny skies,
Rich in joy and beauty;
Merry hearts and laughing eyes,
Still make affection duty.
Happy land, happy land. Happy land, happy land, Ne'er from thee my heart can I would fain hear again

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

Some love to roam on the dark sea's Whatee rmy fate in life shall be, foam,

When the shrill winds whistle free, My thoughts will cling to thee.

But a chosen band in a mountain Like that bird of life and song land.

te that bird of life and song When into the wild air flung, What joy its note telling, Oh, happy land, happy land, &c.

And a life in the woods ac.

When morning beams o'er the mountain streams,
0, 1 merily forth we'll go,
To follow the stag to his alip'ry crug.
And chase the bounding to 'k for.
The deer we mark in the forest dark,
and the prowling nod free track,
And for right good cheer, in the wild,
woods here—

Oh why should the hunter lack?
Or with steady aim at the bounding wowas beautiful to the woods here.

Oh why should the hunter lack?
Or with steady aim at the bounding woods here.

To the darksome glade in the forest share,
Some love to roam,

Some love to roam,

Some love to roam,

Targe; oh come

The province was a second to be a sec

LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh! come to the west lore; oh come there with me,

"Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea;

Where fair plenty smiles from he cemerald throne,
Oh! come to the west and I'll make
And you'll say there's no land like she land of the west.

The south has its roses and bright akies of blue;
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful has, half tears, like the Half smushins, half tears, like the That town the west.

Oh, what is the south to the beauti The world may think me gay, full west.

Then come there with me and the world may think me gay, full west.

Then come there with me and the world may think me gay, full west.

Then come there with me and the world may think me gay, full west.

Will be sweeter to me than the flow, we get the agust.

TIS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING BEFORE U.S.

The when the cup is smiling hefore us.
And we pledge unto hearts that are true hoys And we pledge unto hearts that are to the sky of this life opens o'er us, And heaven gives a glance of its hluc-land for Adam in Eden reclining. We are hetter, far hester off koys thus For him hat two hright eyes were shind See what numbers are sparkling hefor

See what numbers are sparking actors use. While on one side the grape joice is dancing. On the other a blue eye beams, hoys heams, I's enough mid the smiles and the glancing. To distarh e'en a saint from bis dreams. The this world like a river is flowing, I cannot tell how quick it move on hoys on, while on it shanks the grape judie is growing. And such eyes light till we will be the year. The when the cup, for

his sweet rest?

Oh, doth he not haste to the beautiful west?

The come there with me, 'its the Ah! reche of er can warm me, the come there with me, 'its the Ah! reche of er can warm me, and the come of the com

still Hark their hum, how it blends with the deep convent bell, Such strains are of Heaven, Farewell oh, farewell to the mountain and sunlighted vale. The moss-bordered streamlet halm-breathing gale, All so bright, all so fair, here a scraph may dwell;

There in close emhowered shades, Impervious to the noon-tide ray, By tinkling rills—or rosy bods

THE SEA. The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea; The blue, the fresh, the ever free; Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the earth's wide regions

The through the certh's wide regions round.

It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea;
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresee'er I go,
If a storm should come and awake the deep.
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.
I love—O how I love to ride
On the flerce, the foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the

When every mad wave drowns the

moon, Or whistles aloft his tempest tune, And tells how goeth the world belo

And why the south-west winds doth blow;
I never was on the dull tame shore
But 1 loved the great sea more and And backwards flew to her billowy

breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mother's

nest; And a mother she was and is to me, And a mother sue was and is to me, For 1 was born on the open sea. The waves ran white and red the morn The noisy hour that 1 was born; The whale it whistled, the porpoise

rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outery wild,

As welcomed to life the ocean child. I have lived since then in calm and

I have river since strife, Full fifty summers a rover's life, With wealth to spend and power to

range, But never have sought or sighed for

change; Now death, whenever he comes to me, Skall come on the wide unbounded Sea.

WashW MACHREE.
Widow Mochree, its no gooder you from a
Coh. how, will owe machine,
Faith its runns your looks, that same dirty black
to gown, Och home, widow machine.
The destroying your hair, which should be flowing
free;
Be no longer a churl of that dark silken enri,
Och hom, widow machine.

Och hone, vidov machree Widow Machree, spra the summer is come, Och hone, widow machree, When everything milles, should a heanty look gram. Och hone, widow machree. See glim. Och hone, widow machree. And even the bears in couples agree, And the mute little fish, though they cant speak they wish. Och hone, widow machree they widow machree. Widow Machree, when the winter comes in, Odo Machree, when the winter comes in, Oe ho poking the Grib all alone is a sin, To he poking the Grib all alone is a sin, Why the shovel and tongs to each other belong, And the kettle sings songs with family glee, While alone with your cup like a hermit you say Uch hone, Widow machree.

Och hom, wider with the confert I retarily dependent of the confert I retarily dependent of the confert I rebut over keeping some poor fellow out in the
Witten of the confert I reWitten of the confert I re
Witten of the c

Each night, Crying och hone, widow maerre Then take my advice, darling widow machree, Och hone, widow machree, And with my advice faith it with you'd take me, You'd have me to desire, to stir up your fire, And aure hope is no liar in whispering to me, That the ghosts would depart when yord have me near you'r heart,

There come to the wind addh blow, And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

Assume that the snow than the spore on the right, the night, when he riset refreshed in his glory and might, But where doth he go when he seeks that it love thee, that I dearly love the still.

Still so GENTLY.

Say not woman's love is bought with vain and empty treasure; as yet in the still by every idle pleasure.

Yet me'er feat, will not harm thee,

Yet me'er feat, will n

She loves and loves for ever.

O say not woman's false as fair;
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet & rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never; No second passion e'er can charm. She loves and loves for ever.

Meet me to night in the path which lies By the side of the woodland hollow, The moon will have opened her silver

eyes,
And tell thee which path to follow.
Then tripping along to thy footsteps'

Thy lip to thy heart will be humming
If thy glance for a moment turn around
'Twill assure thee, love, I'm coming.
Oh! do not fear, not a tone will break Onearth or in air that can chide thee
If a lonely rose perchance be awake,
'Twill droop it. its bloom beside